C. 123. k. 6.

THE Double Eternity, OR, The Inevitable Choice.

Deut. xxx. 19.

I have ſet before you life and death, bleſſing and curſing, therefore chooſe life.

LONDON:
Printed by *M. Clark* for the Author. 1695.

THE

Double Eccentricity

OR,

The Impossible Object.

Deus sum.

I dare for before you life and dear, dwelling and service
therefore choose life.

LONDON:

Printed by M. Clark for the Author. 1679.

To the Honoured

Madam GULDEFORD

OF

HEMSTED in *KENT.*

Honoured Madam,

IT having been your daily Practice for theſe many Years, to ſet apart a conſiderable time for Meditation on the Joys of Heaven and Pains of Hell, which makes you fly the Sweets which end in ſo much Bitterneſs, and go cheerfully the hard way which leads to ſuch endleſs Happineſs: A Meditation of this twofold Eſtate will be no unwelcom Preſent; Tho your Ladyſhip has better Thoughts of your own, and better Inſpirations than Poets are acquainted with.

That, I know, in another would leſſen the Value of the Preſent, but in your Ladyſhip it increaſes it; for having improv'd the Thoughts, and mix'd with them Inſpirations, you kindly believe the Author has more Part in them than he has, and humbly believe your Self to have leſs part in them than you have; for 'tis the Property of true Humility to build ſo high and lay the Foundations ſo low, that there is no diſtinct ſeeing from the bottom to the top.

This is the Advantage thoſe Writers have which fall into your Hands, and 'tis ſuch, that, conſidering it, I fear my little Preſent will ſeem made to your Ladyſhip rather for Self-ends than

to

to make any return for the many great Favors I ſtand Indebted for. Yet that was the firſt thing in my Thoughts, when I propos'd to my ſelf this ſmall Addreſs; and ſhould be the laſt, if this little Book of mine were but of Worth enough: But as it is, Honoured Madam, be pleas'd but to accept of it, and I am more indebted than before.

Honoured Madam,

Your Ladyſhips

Moſt humble Servant

J. L.

THE

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

THIS *Description of Heaven and Hell, is a part of Mr.* Newport's *Poem Dedicated to King* Charles II. *under the Title of* Vivat Rex; *And it being capable, with Alteration of a Word or two, to stand by it self, and make a Title of its own, I have made it English, and Christned it with the Name of the* Double Eternity.

The Purity of the Latin, and the Excellency of the Thoughts entic'd me to translate it, and the shortness of it took off the fear of overmuch Trouble in the Work, and the Usefulness of the Subject made me willing to Publish it. A Man may read it that would not read a Sermon; and seeing in it the Rewards of Heaven and the Pains of Hell better represented to him than ever he represented them to himself, and conformable to the Word of God, he may come to think it is no great business to keep Ten Commandments, to have so much for keeping them; and think it too much for a little more of the Flesh and the World to take up with the Devil at last, and so be converted in Verse, who had continued on wickedly in Prose.

You may farther suppose, if you think it is Puritanical to pretend nothing but Godliness without mixture, that Vanity had a helping hand in the Press, and I wish Profit had been there too; But I find the Prophet Isaiah *himself*

having things of this nature to sell, was forc'd to cry out, Come ye and buy without money, and without Price; *which makes me expect but a very indifferent Market: However take it and make the best of it, and so farewel.*

THE

THE

Double Eternity.

LOST in a Storm and wilder'd in the Night,
Long time I ſtretch'd my Eyes with uſeleſs Sight;
At length the Clouds diſperſe, the Heaven's clear
And Stars, the lovely night-watch, Stars appear,
The only comfort then, the only there.
Here taking Heart, I caſt about my Eyes,
And view'd the opening beauties of the Skies;
Fix'd Stars and Planets at their liberty:
But, oh, the diſtance of thoſe Lights from me!
Yet they (faint Lights) move in a Sphere ſo low,
That leſs to Heaven than to Earth they ſhow.
The total ſum of Hope and heap of Bliſs
Farther in Heavens inmoſt Region is.
That part goes backward a vaſt length of place.
Who'll wing theſe feet that move ſo ſlow a pace?
Or who'll my ſhoulders wing? that I may fly
Above the Clouds, above the azure Sky;
Above the Region of the Moon and Fire,
And paſs the diſtant Lights which I admire:
And at th' Empyreal Palace ſet me down,
Where Heav'ns Darling (Happineſs) doth crown
Mortals immortal made, and to the Poor
Unlocks the Heavens everlaſting Store.
Vertue alone this lump of Earth can raiſe,
And find us Wings to paſs thoſe untrod ways.
We leave our native Soil, Houſe, Nuptial ties,
And follow farther leading Avarice.
Then Stars of our bright Hemiſphere are ſeen,
And that which once the utmoſt Bounds has been,

(Th' *Heſ-*

(Th' *Heſperian* Garden and the *Caſpian* Sea,
And *Colchos* whither *Jaſon*'s Ship made way)
Is now thought nigh. Our firſt Step is their laſt;
The *Streights*, as Suburb Journeys, now are paſt,
Where trav'ling *Hercules* himſelf ſtuck faſt;
Where the Line equally the year divides,
And right between each Hemiſphere decides:
Where the Eaſt-winds and Weſt-winds are at home,
And in their Native *Indies* freely roam;
Where the North-winds about the Bear-ſtar blow;
Their fierceſt ſtorms of Rain, and Hail, and Snow;
And where the South-winds no leſs fury ſhow.
(*Europe*'s a Priſon) paſt all Bounds of old.
Thro' unknown Heats, unhabitable Cold;
Tho Rocks and Sands forbid and roaring Sea;
We to the Winds our vows and ſails diſplay,
But mind not Heavens Gifts or Heavens way.
Ignoble Souls! The noble Seed of God,
Mad Avarice debaſes to a Clod;
And yet our greedy thirſty Avarice,
No Earth, no Sea of Gold can it ſuffice.
The World can't hold Mans Heart, that holdeth all;
The great World is too little for the ſmall:
And ſtill the Self-diſſatisfyed Mind
Labours for Breath and burns for what's behind.
Why ſurely then for greater things 'tis made,
And there is ſomething greater to be had.
O Man what is't? Lift up thy mind, and dare
To caſt off Earthineſs and ſordid Care.
Wo to the Miſer, on his Breaſt he crawls,
For Earth and Dirt his greedy Hunger calls;
Curſt like the Serpent which deceived *Eve*.
But thou whoſe meaneſt part's from Earth, be n't Slave
To that, but upwards to the Heavens ſtrive,
From whence thou doſt thy chiefeſt part derive,
And look upon them as thy native Home,
And form thy ſelf as does thy ſelf become.
O high large Dwelling! higheſt Seat of Peace,
Fulneſs of Bliſs where all our Wiſhes ceaſe.

The

The Presence-Chamber of the Thunderer;
But Thunder-free, and free from Threat or Ire.
Death's fatal Sythe and Dart which fill with Fear
The sublunary World, fright no Man there:
No Sighs disturb that Air, no Tears their Joy,
No Gall th' immortal Sweets that never cloy.
Besides, the glorious Body shines so bright,
That all its Rayment are its Rays of light;
A kind of Angel-Dress: and Angels wings
Move with a heav'nly swiftness earthly Things.
Rain, Hail, Snow hurts them not, nor Dog-days heat,
Nor deadly Weapons any Fear create:
And Bodies gently slide, like Inspiration,
Thorough each other without separation;
Nor strength of brazen Bars can stop the way,
Nor solid Rocks the solid Body stay.

Had I a Thousand Tongues to praise the Place,
What were a Thousand Tongues in such a case?
Or were *Apelles* hand to labour here,
How little would his matchless Art appear?
Now because glitt'ring Jewels, Gold and Plate
Make up the little Pride of Man's poor state,
To Heaven both the *Indies* strait must go;
As if in Heaven Gold would make a shew.
Thus we transport from Earth the golden Ore,
To make the Stars, and pave th' immortal Floor;
And Jaspers, Beryls, Rubies hence convey,
To make the Frontispiece of Heaven gay.
But, oh, thou better Nature, all that's fine
In Gold and Gems no Riches are of thine;
Thy Treasures, hid from Sense, nor Tongue nor Thought
Can tell; we speak but what by Sense is taught:
Beasts only know the Dainties of the Field,
Which the best Sallads to their Palats yield:
So what we see and feel we only know,
So far we can and cannot farther go.
Oh, what a Master-piece must Heaven be,
Where God design'd from all Eternity
To have his Art, his Riches, his large Breast,
And the All-Maker in the Work confest.

Essential Happiness.

But, oh, what Torrent 's that which in such streams
From God's Throne overflows to the extremes
Of Heaven! Say, ye Blest, if we may know,
What Torrent's that? for it is fam'd below
As far as Earth; as far as Hell, which made
The burning Glutton hope a little Aid;
But 'twould not be; the burning Glutton cry'd
For one Cold Drop, and one Cold Drop's deny'd.
A Torrent 'tis, but of an endless Course:
That source of Life, that everlasting Source
Does to eternal Streams new Stores supply:
Who Drinks thereof Drinks in Satiety;
Quenches his Thirst, and yet is ever Dry;
Dry without trouble, full, yet never cloy'd;
Wish and Possession is at once enjoy'd.

Nigh to this Torrent a rich Beauty lyes,
Of charming Form and Features, and her Eyes
Are brighter than the Sun: Her Angels call
By the sweet Names of *Life Celestial*,
Sincere Delight, and *Rest Secure*, and *Peace*
With soft Breasts open, and with Virgin face,
Are of her Train; and *Blest Eternity*,
Known by her Crown of endless Majesty,
And by the Dress which circles round her Hair,
Of Heavens brightest Die, and richest Wear,
These Sister-Beauties fold in her Embrace,
And all together joyn to bless the Place.

Hence, as 'tis said, hence from this Life Divine,
Mankind and Angels take their Origine:
Angels, pure Spirits, free from all allay;
Men of mix'd nature, Spirit half, half Clay.
Hence the first Draughts of Life, they say, are ta'en;
And when Heaven calls upon us for't again,
Back to its Fountain and first Cause it goes,
If no Crime stop, no Foulness interpose;
Then fix'd on God immoveable we gaze,
His Face Divine darts on us piercing Rays;
Which so reflect Gods Likeness back, that we
Turn living Image of the Deity.

The

The Rainbow from the Sun receives its light,
The Sun's kind Aſpect makes it look ſo bright;
But being made of Clouds it melts away:
So God, the Angels bright Eternal day,
Here in this gloomy Place new Light creates,
And with it all our Darkneſs diſſipates;
And Heavens Beauties ſets in mortal ſight,
Inflames the Heart, and fills it with delight:
But being Sinners miſts and vapours riſe,
And ſtrait wet Sorrow ſhowers at our Eyes.
But Heaven knows no Griefs, no Sin is there,
No Earth, no Vapours, Clouds or Rain to fear.
According to our little skill we try,
In mind to copy the Divinity;
But Senſe with earthy Colours and falſe Dyes,
Impoſes on the Mind as well as Eyes:
But when the darkneſs of that lump of Clay,
Which ſhades Mortality is drove away
By Light Divine, Gods Beauties then appear,
Juſt as in the Original they are:
'Tis not his Likeneſs, 'tis his very Face
Seen in it ſelf, not in the Looking-glaſs.
Hence Love, Love equal to the lovely Sight,
The Good it ſees, with infinite delight
Embraces, holds faſt, clings to't, 'till it be
Made one with God by mutual Unity.
God infinitely differs from Mankind,
And more, if Man can yet be more behind.
For, uncreated Poſſibilities,
Innumerable Kinds and Qualities,
Which in their Cauſes fertile Womb lay hid,
God can bring forth as well as thoſe he did.
So many Ranks of things, ſo many Claſſes,
And Diſtance infinite, th'Almighty paſſes,
And joins us to himſelf; 'tis Love unites;
Viſion and Love: O Love! O vaſt Delights!
O everlaſting Joys! Torrent of Peace!
Heaven of Heavens! Where all Wiſhes ceaſe,
Beholding God for ever face to face.

O Earth-born, down-look'd Creature, where ſo faſt?
Are Heavens Treaſures come to this at laſt?
Men to the *Indies* run, bid Stars adieu,
Leave God for Gold, and Heaven for *Peru*,
And they that ſtay at home ſell Heaven too.
But ſtand a little; ſtand, and look, and think,
Whilſt you have yet a foot upon the Brink:
Stand, and look down into the Pit of Hell,
Where the dead Sinner and damn'd Angel dwell.
But look not there for fiery Pools, or Lakes
Flowing with Tears, or *Fury's Hair of Snakes*,
Or treble Walls, or fam'd *Ixion's Wheel*;
(All Fables) there are other Things to feel:
Other Fires and Tears there are to fear;
Mens guilty Minds are their own Vipers there:
God's doom irrevocable walls them in;
Eternity, which ever's to begin,
Moves in an endleſs round the wheeling Pain,
That ever turns, ever returns again.
But, oh, the loathſom Dungeon's horrid Night!
Was I born to behold the breathing Light
Of Heaven, and the Suns bright warming Ray?
O pleaſant Sun! Sweet Heaven! Light of Day!
O Light thou Mother of Delight! thou Morn
Of Gods Creation, and his fair Firſt-born,
Whom he loves beſt; whom thou reſembleſt moſt
Of all the numerous Created Hoſt.
O Light! Nor Light, nor Heaven here is ſeen;
It burns: but there's a * Voice that comes between
The Fire and Flame, and cuts away the Light;
Darkneſs burns Hell, and Flames all over Night.
In theſe foul depths of Night, theſe Dungeons deep,
Full of black Horror guilty Souls ſhall weep,
That once neglected Heaven, God, and Grace;
And call to mind in vain the better Place:
To Self and all things loſt, forſaken quite.
And that no Pain be loſt for want of Sight,
Darkneſs, to be more cruel, yields her Right.

The

* *The Voice of the Lord divides the flames of fire.* Pſ. 28. 7. *Which is thus interpreted by* Baſilius.

The Fiend that Rules in Chains, ſits on a Throne,
Made up of Guilt and great Damnation;
King of the Damn'd, and his own Puniſhment.
Weak bankrupt, hopeleſs *Fury*, deadly *Want*,
And *Fear*, and *Rage* tearing her bloody Jaws,
(Foul Guard of Guilt) are all the Guard he has.
An ugly Snake, his chiefeſt Cauſe of Woe,
Meets Head and Tail and round his Head doth go;
His Brows with this ſad Wreath, this Garland's bound;
Long Evil folding in an endleſs round.
He is all over Pain, no Part is free;
And ſo are all the Damn'd as well as he.
Does the Gout tear the Feet with raging Pains? *The Pain of Senſe.*
Does Stone or gnawing Gravel Heat the Reins?
The Guts at leaſt or Head is free: But here
All Parts complain of Burthens, none can bear.
A living Death they live, they live and die
Both at a Time, and both Eternally.
Each Good the more it laſts the more it grows;
And by their laſting too we meaſure Woes.
Great Pain is to it ſelf a ſpeedy Cure;
The greater 'tis, the leſs it will endure:
It can't be great and long, Man has not ſtrength;
But Hells vaſt Pains are of an endleſs length.
The Fire never kills and never dies,
But with it ſelf ever it ſelf ſupplies:
Implacable Deſtruction, Torment extreme,
Hells worſt of Furies, Gods avenging Flame.
The Saying's ſtrange, *That every one ſhall be* *Mark 6.*
Salted with fire; Here's the Myſtery;
As Salt preſerves, ſo ſhall that Fire do;
With Pain preſerving, ſalt and burn them too:
That fiery Salt force to the Burnt inſpires,
And makes them fire-proof t'eternal Fires.
O Pennance, give me Sighs and weeping Eyes!
O force of Tears at which Hell-fire dies.
But ſee, loſt Soul, whence art thou tumbled down; *The Pain of loſt Happineſs.*
That Sight in Tears the Eyes ſhall ever drown:
The Miniſters of Light ſhall always be
The Miniſters of Tears for an Eternity.

They ſee the happy Manſions, ſeat of Peace;
Bound in Hells Dungeon, clos'd within the Place,
Nine times about by Depths that none can paſs:
They ſee the bleſſed Angels Station,
Fill'd with New-comers from our Plantation:
They ſee a joyful numberleſs Embrace;
Love preſſing heart to heart, and face to face.
But theſe are Sweets enjoy'd by him alone
The Book of Life has made a Deniſon
Of Heaven: Golden Book! let others be
Cry'd up for Beauty, Art, Antiquity;
Theſe Vertue poliſh, and eternal Love.
* Not to my Eyes, but Ears that Light above
(Which from its *Glory* takes its Price and Name)
Has often come, come by the way of Fame.
The bright Eaſt ne'er ſuch Glory had to ſhow;
And all the Firſt days fertile Light could do,
(The Parent of each other glorious Light)
It ne'er could bring forth any thing ſo bright;
'Tis Gods own Luſtre, that which ſhone about
Michael and's Army, fighting 'gainſt the rout
Of Rebel Angels: 'tis the Suns bright Ray
Which never ſets; that Light which ſhews the way
Into the very innermoſt abode,
And all the pleaſures and the Sweets of God.
But Hell muſt have no ſhare in this; black Smoak,
Dark Clouds, thick Steams the Sight of Heaven choke,
And Hell more dreadful make: What a Sight
Are theſe black Monſters of eternal Night.
I dread the Thought on't: Oh, what Looks! what Blows!
What biting Serpents to increaſe our Woes!
What Fires overſpread the burning Plain!
How fertile is the horrid place in Pain!
Alas, 'tis more than Horrid: Hence they Groan,
Roar out and Rage, and make a diſmal Moan.
O Sleep, Death's likeneſs, if, as Poets tell,
Thou doſt in everlaſting Darkneſs dwell;
Upon my Eyes ſhed, from thy charming Rod,
Kind Poyſons, *Ladanum* and *Diacode*;

And

* *The Light of Glory is that ſupernatural Light, neceſſary to raiſe the natural Faculty of the Mind to that ſupernatural Act, the Viſion of God.*

And make me loſe my ſelf for one ſhort Wink,
And, for a Moment neither feel nor think.
If any ſtupifying *Lethe* flows
In Hell, amidſt their thoughtful ſleepleſs Woes;
Ah may it waſh my Cares, and make the Pain
Leſs tyrannizing, and compoſe my Brain
To reſt, that Sleep may ſteal upon my Grief,
And Rob me of my ſelf; a welcom Thief.
But, oh, no Sleep, no *Lethe* Cares allay,
But frightful Objects ruſh in every way
Upon the Mind, and weary't night and day.
No way to ſhun the hateful Sight they fear,
Where e'er they turn their Eyes the Plague is there.
Hence comes that Worm, which in their reſtleſs Breaſt, *The Worm of Conſcience.*
Deep in the Heart and Soul is ſaid to neſt;
And gnaws eternally th' immortal Food,
And ſucks the everlaſting-waſting Blood;
No after-Sighs and Tears do any good.
The Gate which open was to all the Crimes
Thro' all the Eaſt, Weſt, North and Southern Climes,
That Gate is ſhut; with unrelenting hand
The Iron hinge is turn'd, and ſo muſt ſtand.
No hope! All's gone! Hope is Pain's ſole relief,
Either as ſhewing Fruit or end of Grief:
Grief holds to that; Where is the Fruit of Woe?
Hells Pains are fruitleſs; Where's the end? Round go
The wheeling Torments with return of Pain,
Still coming round to be endur'd again.
Infinite is the heap of Miſery;
A maſs of Ills that fill Eternity:
The Stars and untold Sands put in one ſum,
Are nothing to the Years of Pain to come.
Swift Hours ſtand, and lay aſide your Wings,
Your Wheels, your reſtleſs Motion, uſeleſs things;
Times Race is ended, Heavens Courſe is done,
Nor Wheels of Heaven ſtir, nor Wheels of Sun;
But the ſwift Wheel of Pain runs as before,
Age after Age, and never ſhall give o'er.

F I N I S.